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CLASS-DAY ODE

I.

Ye know the mighty oak
That sprang from wildest Nature's breast.
'Twas but a tender sapling,
With each tempest stoutly grappling,
When the weary-winged eagle built his nest
Upon the limb where he but thought to rest.
Ye know how it grew;
How its strength it slowly drew
From a fount as pure as dew,
From a soil enriched from many a distant clime
Till now it firmly stands a tree sublime,
Mighty with the swelling sap of time,
That blunts the woodman's stroke.

And dreaming, now, the eagle sits secure,
 Unmindful of the threatening blast,
 Knowing full well that mighty oak can long endure,
 With strength of growth, as in the past.

II.

Bleak was the day,
 When first the sturdy Pilgrim to this shore,
 Of tyrants weary, fled the billows o'er.
 Dark the leafless wood that lay
 Beyond the scraggy coast-line of the bay,
 And echoed back the waves' tumultuous roar.
 Cold was the wind, that whistled shrill
 From every snow-capped hill,
 Undaunted still,
 Bending to his toil,
 He sowed the field,
 And made it yield
 A sustenance;—aye, more! As if by God's behest,
 From his own breast,
 He sowed his spirit over all New England's soil.
 In vain fell pinched hunger's dart,
 That swift was sent,
 When all the redskin's cunning art,
 And all his arrows had been spent.
 Fleeing the tyrant, he could brook no tyranny,
 Save that of Virtue; he would be
 No slave; he shut the door
 On wealth, dared to be nobly poor,
 And had the mighty courage to be free.

III.

As, little by little, the pounding sea-born wave
 Wears in the rock-bound coast a cave,
 So, little by little, the Pioneer
 Did westward 'gainst the forest persevere,
 With axe in hand,
 The wilderness hewed down,
 And built his cabin on the untilled ground.
 He first it was who found
 The beauty and the bounty of the land.
 He first it was who stood
 By rippling brook and in the stilly wood,
 In flowery dell and on the mountain rock,
 The bowie 'gainst the bloody tomahawk.
 And when more distant from his woodland glen,
 Twanged the redskin's bow,
 And when the night-wolf's howling more and more
 Grew distant from the rude log-cabin door,
 Came other men.
 For who could fail?

Who could not go
Where one had gone before and blazed the trail?
And with its merry din, their labor kept
Fair Nature wide awake.
No more she idly slept,
Unmindful of a wilderness that grew
Where she had sown in haste for pleasure's sake
Amid the dew.

IV.

But oft the summer sky is rent,
When heavy hangs the heat-oppressing air,
And all the gaping firmament
Belches in anger and despair
The rolling thunder.
Little must we wonder,
When Despotism's hand
Fell like the night upon this pleasant land,
Loudly rolled the battle drum,
For Justice's voice was not yet dumb;
From the furrowed soil,
Up flashed the cry of Liberty;
From their peaceful toil,
A patriotic yeomanry
Rushed without dismay,
Each eager to be first to join the fray.
Theirs was not alone a mortal foe;
They fought with hunger and with snow,
With pestilence, discouragement, and woe.
When powder, ball, when hope and all were gone,
With bayonet that ragged troop fought on—
And freedom won;
Thus ending well what they had well begun.

V.

So grew our Nation, slow but sure,
Her glorious life,
Though mingled thrice in later strife,
Can still endure.
And all the country wide from sea to sea
Now smiles in peace and in prosperity,
Because the Settler here remained,
Because the hardy Pioneer,
Because the Yeomen, all were trained
In duty's path to persevere.
Because their noble sons dared to be just,
And put in God, for freedom's sake, their trust,
Because they had the courage to be true,
This, this is why to me and you
Their memory calls
E'en from these very walls,

Sacred with their dust.

VI.

This School, my Classmates, first in days of yore
To rear her portals on this naked shore,
This School, within whose ancient, honored halls
We have prepared that Duty, when it calls,
May find us able nobly to succeed,
Fearless, upright, willing, apt to lead,
This School her precepts to the sturdy Settler taught,
Gave aspiration to his soaring thought.
Her higher wisdom, like a star
That sends its beam into the darkness far,
The unblazed pathway to the Pioneer
Made known, and gave him strength and hope to persevere.
And still in time of strife,
My Classmates, 'neath her sable cloak,
Unseen that fiercer spirit burned,
That in her sons awoke
The ardor of their birthright, Liberty;
From her they learned
To value freedom more than life.
E'en now, where may we look
But that we see
Her sons in every work?
Their gleanings are not all of that old book
Of ancient lore;
Like those before,
They, too, have found here something more.
And what if every dusty tome may moulder?
That ancient spirit cannot ever wane;
As firmly as the mountain boulder,
The Genius of our School shall still remain.

VII.

To-day our School is sending us to take
Our place, my Classmates, and we go to make
Our way
As best we may,
Into that part
Of this rough world where we have set our heart.
Here we have lived together, learned to know
The way of right and how we best may go;
In pleasant fellowship have learned to see
The good and beautiful; have learned to feel,
When Truth speaks out, a throb of pleasure steal
Into our soul; but, most of all, have learned to be
In every task sincere,
And in each honest work to persevere.
All teaching is not meant to fill the mind;
Fast clinging in our soul,

Some kindly, hope-inspiring word we still can find,
 A beacon-light upon life's hidden shoal.
 More deeply than an awkward youth may show,
 More truly than a Master's eye may know,
 An honest reverence fills one thankful heart
 For him whose spirit first taught hope to glow,
 Whose steadfast sympathy helped it to grow

Into desire

That doth at least aspire

To reach the footstool of a lofty-throned art.

And memory,

With its fondly clinging vines,

Our soul more closely twines

Than any other ever knows;

There blossoms in maturity,

Each seeming thorn a rose.

VIII.

From the sunny realm of childhood,

In whose magic field and wildwood

Tripped the merry elf and fairy

'Neath a purple-finted sky,

In a dance so light and airy

That enchantment fills our infant's wondering eye;

From our boyhood's land of heroes;

From our youth's adventurous shore,

Have our thoughts with our advancing years been turned.

Changing are the views of this old world.

And like the architect, that poets tell,

Creeping through each chamber of his shell,

As if he yearned

To reach the last, and there be curled

Forever more,

So we, in life,

Creeping onward o'er each earthly stage,

Shut out some former view and hope behind;

And with our age

New scenes then come,

Where new-born hopes we find.

E'en now, within the compass of this narrow sphere,

We seem to hear

The echoes of a wild tumultuous strife,

That falls upon the ear

Like the distance-muffled drum.

'Tis the world at work and play,

'Tis the rich, the poor, the gay,

'Tis the felling blow of Virtue in the fray,

'Tis Chance that struggles 'neath Misfortune's sway.

Hark! my Classmates, nearer comes the sound,

Rumbling from the caverns of the ground.

See, Life's stream!
 See all that motley throng,
 Rushing ever, rushing on,
 Stopping never, but anon
 Swept now here, now there, by some enchanting gleam
 Of golden dross,
 Where good and evil passions boil and toss;
 And Right and Wrong,
 Like boon companions, reel and rush along.

IX.

Now glows the secret spark,
 And Manhood's flame
 Leaps in our soul and surges through our frame.
 What heights cannot out towering spirit scale?
 Hope, within its newly-burnished mail,
 Mocks at Failure stalking grim and stark.
 The nearer light now hides the distant dark;
 And on we rush
 To join the busy throng,
 And mingle with its din a joyful song.
 O Classmates, in that first sweet flush
 Of unrestricted power,
 Let not unguarded fly the happy hour.
 And if Ambition overvault itself to seek
 Some golden-crested peak
 Measure aright the distance with your time;
 More paths than one lead to the summit's height,
 And we, to choose the right
 Best choose while still the lowly slope we climb.
 And lest your fame
 Be like a withered shrub on barren land,
 That totters 'neath the tempest's heavy hand,
 Still nourish manhood's eager hope and power
 On Truth and Virtue and the Love of man,
 Till so shall bloom the perfect flower
 Of wisdom; each fulfilling as he can
 God's noblest plan.
 So may we grow;
 So may our country know,
 That she can still defy the threatening blast,
 For still those sons are nobly-cast
 Who well have learned the rule
 That taught the Pilgrim and the Pioneer,
 That taught the Yeomen, all, to persevere.
 So let us show
 The glory of our School
 As they so nobly showed it in the past.

Charles C. Petersen

PRINCIPLES ARE ETERNAL

CLASS ORATION 1911

TO-DAY is Class-Day. To-day we of the graduating Class are permitted for the first time to play the part of hosts. To-day we have invited you, our parents, teachers, and friends, to see, to hear, to know, the Class of 1911.

Boys, all of us. Boys who have many times succeeded, but many times failed; boys who have known the joy of living. For have we not had success on the foot-ball field, success on the cinder path, success in drill, and, possibly, success on the monthly report-card? And through this success we have already come to know the meaning of sacrifice; for rarely is success attained without its attendant sacrifice. An old philosopher has said, "Bring your boy up to know the true meaning of sacrifice and you will have implanted the best seed in the development of his character." So fortified with success, sacrifice, splendid friendships, with the precepts and examples of our instructors, and the cry of dear old B. L. S., "Play up! Play up! and play the game!" ringing in our ears, we are about to take our first step into the great unknown, the future.

As the infant taking its first tiny step pauses, and reaches back to its mother, we, almost afraid, reach back to our Alma Mater. Again, as during the long years past, she gives us courage, and promises us a few more short weeks of help and inspiration. She bids us remember that we are sons of the Boston Latin School and that if we live up to the principles stamped upon our very souls, in these halls of learning, we must and we will succeed.

Live up to principles! What a world of thought is opened to us by those few words! We try to think where we are to live, what will be our life-work. Shall we be found among the leaders or among the dreamers,—among the workers or among the wanderers? Regarding the appreciation of principles, it matters not; for, as William Jennings Bryan says, "The individual is but an atom; he is born, he acts, he dies; but principles are eternal."

As that word, "Eternal" falls from our lips, we can but linger on its significance. It is almost impossible for us to realize that it means generations, centuries, ages. Even the minds of Pythagoras and Euclid were not able to dwell with understanding on the infinite.

To apply the magnificent principles of right-doing, right-living, truth, honor, unselfishness, and patriotism, as our own best ways and means for success, ought, surely, to be our aim; but living as we do in "parlous times," in the days when monarchies are being overthrown, when stupendous capital is menacing labor and the home, and when Socialism marches threateningly in every street, and ignominious politics governs the thoughts and actions of our citizens; when through our gates, "wide open and unguarded," are coming millions of human beings from every quarter of the globe, it would seem that we, members of the class of 1911, should early apply these principles for the bettering of the conditions of others.

We who have lived over and over again the Rise and the Fall of the Roman Empire; we who have revelled in

the classic loveliness of ancient Greece, as it spread its knowledge of art and learning throughout the western world, we who have had our hearts, our souls, and even our very voices uplifted by the thoughts and oratorical force of Cicero; we who have felt our blood tingle with the accounts of the deeds of Caesar and Crassus and Pompey; we who have stood aghast at the bloody proscriptions of Marius and Sulla; and from these wondrous classics have had eternal principles engraven on our minds; we, I say, should, here and now, resolve that

these "principles eternal" should be to us not only an everlasting fountain of help for ourselves, but should aid us and guide us to give the best we have, the best we know, the best we are, to better the conditions of those about us who have smaller educational advantages; remembering always that "The grandest thing next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty Throne is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction round the destinies of men."

John Duff, Jr.

THE LOVELY MAY

When gayly sing the birds from their high towers
And blue appear the sky, the seas;
When over freshly-colored, fragrant flowers
Begin to swarm the buzzing bees,
It is the month for play,
It is the lovely May.

When all the trees and fields are green and bright,
When all resounds with hymns of mirth,
When all seems new, and smiles in happy light,
As if no pain could grow on earth,
Then all men should obey,
The rule of lovely May.

For, if the heart is hurt by any grief,—
Seek blooming fields, and gaze on high;
The harmony of spring, a sweet relief,
Falls from the wide and limpid sky;
The heart becomes soon gay
And sings with lovely May.

A. Liberti, '12,

THREE TARS IN A TUB

THERE were three black nights, without a day. The seas ran high, the clouds hung low, and in between our sturdy hooker tossed and tossed and tossed. It would ha' been a weary time, had the yarns run out. But old Daddy Cobweb was my dog-watch companion, and he was a tolerable old 'un; while Smug Nimblechin was my bunk-mate in the fo'c'stle. Spin yarns? Gormme! The moment we weighed anchor out'n the harbor o' Skein, they started. Each swore he could tell a better than t'other. I was the judge. When I was on deck, 'twas Cobweb; when I was below, 'twas Nimblechin; they allas kept the ball a-rolling. Stop? Gormme! All through those three black nights without a day, while our hooker tossed and tossed, those two old duffers spun and spun and spun.

But mind your eye, my lad! Why, this is no tale of blunderbuss pirates and red-fisted buccaneers. And although our skipper had a wooden leg and a bristling beard, keelhaul me if he chewed tobacco with his whiskers, or sqinted rings of smoke from a blood-shot eye. Poor ol' sea dog! I wonder did he go down that night,—or did he paddle ashore on his timber toe? He was a lucky lubber! But I could not tell. In the roar of the angry seas, in the howl of the smiting gale, in the pounding of the hull and the grinding and crashing of timbers, in the tumult of the panic-stricken and the struggling of the desperate, in the nitchy blackness of the third black night—why, my lad, I could not tell. 'Twas each for himself. The hooker struck, split, sank, and was gone; for the rest, I could not tell.

But, my lad, old sailors will tell you that miracles happen more often on the sea than on the land. When the

storm had blown off and day had dawned, there was a tub, my lad, a pale-blue, ordinary tub, my lad, a handleless tub, that bobbed up and down, alone on all that vast of ocean. And I was in the tub, my lad, and so were Nimblechin and old Daddy Cobweb. Gormme! They were spinning yarns. They had never left off. They neer did leave off—there's the p'int, they never did leave off. There were we, far out of the course of ships, in that graveyard of the Pacific, where tall reefs stand in the bubbling surf like tombstones of sunken ships; where black shoals shift constantly like restless sea-monsters; where rocky islands grow up in the night and disappear in a day; where angry volcanoes poke their blazing noses out of the seething waters and send long tracks of smoke across the skies; where ships never venture; where glassy-eyed mariners sail in a ghostly fleet forever,—there were we, my lad, without food, without a drop of water, without the least hope of succor—and those two were spinning yarns!

But cheer up, my lad, I was not lost! Gormme! This is me, my lad. Days and days passed. I grew hungry, the tub began to leak, and they—they kept spinning yarns. It seemed we-all must kick the bucket,—or the tub,—and join the crew of glass-eyed mariners. How did we escape? Gormme, lad! They had reached the p'int—the p'int, my lad, where they didn't know another yarn to tell. Not another. They began to spin the old uns backwards. Gormme, lad! They began where they ended, and told 'em all backwards, one after 'tother till they got back where they started from, my lad, in the harbor o' Skein. Then we got out and walked home!

"Pip."

SCHOOL NOTES

But a few more misdemeanor marks,
 A few more approbations, Sharks,
 A little French, a little Greek,
 A little Latin still to eke.
 A "plum" to pluck, or two, and then—
 The First Class men
 No more by geometric rule
 Will plot the quickest route to school,
 Or try to figure how they may,
 By mathematics, find a way
 An English "5" to earn,
 Or physics learn.
 Oh, blissful expectation
 Of a longed-for long Vacation!



The Class-Day committee of the graduating Class is to be heartily congratulated on the excellent manner in which the programme of the day was arranged and carried out. In spite of the fact that the chairman, Murray F. Hall, was kept away by illness, so complete had been the plans that, under the management of John W. Keveney, everything was smoothly and pleasingly performed. The singing of the entire First Class was, undoubtedly, the cause of no little surprise among the members of some of the lower classes, who, we are told, were always of the impression that the vocal chords of the First Class had long ago been undone by the scansion of "Virgil" and the pronunciation of "Homer." However, the success in the singing is owing in great measure to the efforts of Professor J. A. O'Shea, who kindly offered his services for the occasion.

One of the pieces sung by the entire class was "School of Our Boyhood," by Petersen, to the tune of "How Can I Leave Thee;" the other was the "Soldier's Chorus" from "Faust." The Class Song was by W. H. Davidson,

with the music by E. J. Wall, who wielded the baton. After the Class Poem had been read by Petersen, J. Duff, Jr., delivered an eloquent Class Oration in a strong and graceful manner. It was the Class Prophecy, by E. S. Munro, however, which seemed to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. Its witty "knocks" were confined to the members of the Class "by no means;" its humor reached beyond, and was easily appreciated by all the school and by many of our visitors, too. Munro, who had been saving his strength by not taking part in the singing, in order that he might be able to run, presumably, if that should become necessary, disappeared suddenly after his performance. He was later discovered in one of the basement lockers by Cronin, who had been looking for him in order to—it seems to us that he wanted to give him the "glad hand." We did not learn who paid for the ice-cream. In truth, however, the "Prophecy" was taken seriously by no one, and was heartily enjoyed by all.

Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge addressed the class on the value of the "humanistic studies" for guiding us in the present day. He said that, in order to know better the nature of men and to be able to sympathize with all, we should study the thoughts and deeds of the great "masters of passion" of the past, not with a mind that merely "piles up the facts in cold storage," but with a "three-story mind with skylights," which understands the facts and sees beyond them. Educated men, he said, enlarge their personal experience by the study of literature, and develop the imagination in order that they may under-

stand the actions of men under different circumstances. He reminded us that the civilization of the present day is the result of the untiring efforts of men of the past; that it is due to the struggles of loyal men of America that we have been given the advantages of a Latin School education; and that the civilization which has grown out of the experiments of past generations should be improved by us, and passed on to our children, that they, too, may be happy in the future.

One of the evening papers which had an account of the Class Day exercises, commented at considerable length upon the artistic appearance of the programmes, giving a detailed description of the beautiful cover-design by H. A. Packard.



On April 13 occurred the Annual Prize Drill of the Second Regiment, B. L. S., in Mechanics Building. As has been the case in recent years, we were fortunate in having a good, sunny day, and, consequently, a large attendance. This year, for the first time, two companies drilled on the floor simultaneously. In this way,

much interest was added to the exhibition; the exercises seemed to be carried on with more enthusiasm, and the programme was kept from becoming monotonous and wearisome to the spectators towards the end by the promptness and swiftness of its execution.

The First Senior prize was awarded to Co. E, Captain L. F. Ready, the second, to Co. B, Capt. J. Robert Fleming. Co. D, Capt. Geo. D. Heyer received the First Junior prize, and Co. M, Capt. Charles F. Higgins, the second.



In a strength test at Harvard not long ago, Robert Crosbie, B. L. S., '07, of Dorchester, made a total of 1,485 points under the Sargent system. This is the highest test at Harvard since 1903, and surpasses by more than 100 points the record held for the past two years. The record is remarkable in that it showed all-round development, rather than especial strength of any one set of muscles. Crosbie had never participated in college athletics. He attributes his strength to daily exercise in the open air, and regular habits of living.

SCHOOL OF OUR BOYHOOD

Tune of "How Can I Leave Thee"

School of our boyhood,
Nurturing mind and heart,
Guiding, by wisdom's art,
Youth to man's goal;
Still may thy precepts shine
For us, true sons of thine,
Teaching the burdened soul
Ne'er to resign.

Here was that chain wrought,
Classmates, in threads of gold,
That does us all enfold
With love and truth;
Cold falls the hand of Time,
Rough roads we all must climb,
But friendships true of youth
We'll ne'er resign.

C. C. Petersen

SKETCHES

A SIGHT

IT was a strange sight. I was day-dreaming and only imagined I saw it, yet it was so absorbing that I did not wish to, nay, I could not, cease dreaming. It was a wild sight. It was an awful sight. It was a sight that so took hold of me and thrilled me that, to this day, whenever I resort to day-dreaming, it invariably returns to me; I see it again more vividly than ever before; it fascinates me; it takes possession of me; it confirms more and more my opinion that it is a strange sight, a wild sight, an awful sight.

There was a large, irregular disk, for the most part flat and level, but particularly humped and ruffled here, slippery and smooth there, and in other places ridged, rough, and treacherous. The disk was revolving rapidly and was covered with a scething mass of struggling men, which it uncereemoniously jostled and tossed about as it whirled around. A strange sight! The disk was turning so rapidly that its centrifugal force tended to crowd the struggling men to the edges and fling them off into space while they were exerting themselves to the utmost to avert that calamity. The disk was swaying, pitching, wobbling, like an enormous can—but ever whirling, whirling, whirling. The safest spot on it was the centre, but, even there, ever and anon, a poor wretch would lose his footing, be caught by a ridge, thrown to a smooth place, caught again, and hurled, clutching wildly about him, ever forwards and outward toward the edge. Perchance, if he “kept his head,” he would, at a time, work his way back to the centre, or perhaps he would be pushed, jerked, and helplessly flung towards the abyss that came nearer, frightfully nearer,

at every wobble. Perhaps, in his frenzy, he would drag after him some fellow struggler, and, reaching the edge, after scratching and digging in a final, vain attempt to remain on it, together they would be shot into space from the disk with its whirling, whirling, whirling. So, with that mass of men on that great disk, gripping, grasping, straining, shouting, groaning, shrieking,—it was a wild sight. As fast as the men were whirled away from the centre, fresh ones arose there. Nine out of every ten that sprouted at the centre lost footing and were started outwards. Thus, sometimes, a sudden lurch would tear away and scatter a dozen, like leaves in an October gale. Two-thirds of all the men on the disk were eventually flung off. Of the remaining third, three-fourths had lodged and stuck half-way between the edge and the centre, while the remainder held the centre itself. It was an awful sight!

The disk was Life; the space beyond the disk was Failure; and the centre of the disk was Success. Where were you upon that disk? H. A. P., '11.

ADrift

I WAS born in a small whaling village on Cape Cod, with the aroma of the salt sea as a first incentive to adventure. One day, while playing on the beach with a companion of my own age, seeing a skiff moored to the sandy beach by means of a long rope and drag-anchor, we conceived the plan of turning from an honest rearing and becoming pirates.

Matching our united strength against the out-going tide, we finally pulled our gallant ship near enough to shore to board her, and slaughter her crew of bait-clams and shrimps.

Having tendered their remains a sailor's burial, we proceeded to set sail for the Spanish Main, wherever that might be. Our "setting sail" consisted mainly in having one of us hold the skiff near the shore, while the other, laboriously and with much puffing, hoisted the anchor into it.

At last we were free! We had not as yet planned which nation should be first deprived of a protecting navy, but we were anxious that Uncle Sam might step in, with our aid, and take possession of the entire globe.

While contemplating such undertakings and their results upon ourselves and the world's history, we had failed to note our course, and, as it was daylight, we could not judge the stars, but, looking shoreward, we soon discovered the appalling distance which separated us from our native soil.

Immediately all thoughts of piracy were forgotten. Uncle Sam was left to look out for himself, and the navies of the world were safe, unless swamped by a tidal wave of our tears. Lustily we shouted and waved our hands.

Finally, one of us, to this day I don't remember which, conceived the idea of waving my red jersey on an oar. It saved the day. We were content to allow an ordinary rowboat, manned by a crew of one, to come alongside and tow us in to "home and mother."

J. B. L., '11.

A MOUSE TALE

ONE afternoon last week, I was walking down Huntington Avenue, in search of adventure, and, incidentally, some tickets. Passing Symphony Hall, two small brown objects moving along the steps caught my attention; they proved to be a mouse

and a leaf that was chasing the mouse. In his frantic efforts to escape the grim terror that pursued him, the mouse ran into a corner between the stone steps and the brick wall. He tried to gnaw a hole through the brick to escape; that didn't work—on the contrary, I capture him. He protested, but vainly; I was inexorable; in the mighty struggle ensuing I must have squeezed him too hard, for when I set him down in some grass near by, he couldn't move. I felt terrible, thinking that I had killed a mouse!

A moment later I felt better, when his legs quivered a little, and his small flanks began to move. I picked him up tenderly, and, after a while, he seemed to feel more like himself. He frightened two ladies who were passing, whereupon he felt even better. I showed him where my coat pocket was, and he descended into its enormous depths, realizing the necessity of quiet and repose for recuperation. On the way down, he paused at the edge and peered around to see that things were all right; it was comical—two little gray paws, two little black beads of eyes in a little gray head, sticking up over the edge of the pocket; after this survey, he went to the bottom, curled up, and slumbered.

Next scene—the box office. Man behind the hole in the window: "What in the world are you doing with a mouse on your shoulder?" I suddenly became very popular; all the inhabitants of that office,—ticket-sellers, clerks, and the stenographer, crowded around. The stenographer didn't really know what it was she was trying to see; when she found out, she made a noise like a piece of chalk that is dragged protestingly across a blackboard, and hurriedly departed. The mouse was perfectly at home, sitting on my shoulder, and holding a reception. Finally, the social life wearied

him, and he retired under my coat collar.

As soon as possible I went to the street again, where I extracted him from his stronghold; in the process, however, he slipped to the ground, and started back in the direction of the door. I suppose he was ashamed of himself for breaking off the interview so suddenly, and wanted to apologize. He tried to climb up the door, evidently aiming at the roof, intending to get inside again by way of the chimney. However, one of his recent acquaintances, who was standing at the door watching him, obligingly opened it for him. That was the last I saw of my mouse. Maybe he is now an understudy to the stenographer, or is officially known as "Mascot of the Box Office."

T. W. S., '11.

MOLLY, MELBA & TET.

I HAVE tried to train up several calves in the way they should go. So long as a calf is not too heavy to handle bodily, there is no particular trouble. I suppose that where cattle run in herds, there is little use in teaching them much. But our case is different. For us, it is of the first importance that as soon as a young heifer can eat grass, she should also lead with a rope. The first calf I had, Molly, was very heady, but quick to understand. All that was necessary was to make her realize she must do what I told her to. When I was on my guard, she was easily convinced; and she knew, before I did, when I was off my guard. We had a few wild runs, but she grew up to be a lovable, sensible cow.

Last year, I had two, named Melba and Tetrazini. The latter name is shortened to "Tet." Melba was like her mother, Molly. Tet was much quieter, but evidently full of obstin-

acy. She would always either stand still or run. She had no idea of coming to one. Her head was so taken up with contrariness, that she would refuse to eat the dainties she loved best, if I had been attempting to lead her. It came to be a question of wit against force. She was goaded into starting. Then she tried to run, but she found herself brought up short by a turn of the rope on her nose. She had to go, and go on a walk. After six months of trouble, she knows enough to do as she is told; though always with apparent expectation of being punished. I think, however, that she will be steadier than her companion, Melba, who never had to take any punishment.

J. H. W., '11.

HELD UP

IT was a black night in early winter, with a cold, driving rain falling, which hung to the trees, making their branches droop like the arms of tired scarecrows. After pocketing the day's cash, and locking the country store, I set out for a ten-mile drive home. The cold, driving rain made my naturally nervous horse much more restless than usual, but he left the village at a fair "clip" just as the clocks were striking twelve.

Over the rain-soaked roads we flew. First into one rut and then another the carriage dashed. I had my hands full in managing the reins, and keeping the horse from stumbling. Suddenly the horse stopped, settling back on his haunches as if he had run against a stone wall. Utterly at a loss to know the cause, I peered forward into the blackness. There I saw a man. He was a ruffianly-looking fellow, as well as I could make him out; that he was a robber I did not doubt. For a moment my mind was frozen with horror, and I could think of noth-

ing. A gruff voice demanding my money broke the icy numbness of my mind, however; then, quicker than a flash, an idea occurred to me. Snatching the whip, I struck the horse a smart blow. He gave a furious snort, and with one quick jump, freed himself from the man's grasp and dashed forward. As he did so, there was a groan and a crash; then the rain drowned all noise as we sped on.

Not once during all the following miles did we stop. Up hill and down we went, as though some dire monster were close upon our heels. In half an hour we were in our yard, both the horse and I trembling with excitement and fright. A lantern appeared in the barn, and, as we entered, a cry

of wonder broke from the stableman. The horse's mouth was foaming with blood. Upon further investigation it was found that the crash I had heard, when I struck the horse with the whip, was the breaking of the whippetree, caused by the sudden jump of the horse. The horse had carried the carriage and me all the rest of the way by its mouth. Needless to say, that horse is very dear to me. Nothing was ever found of the robber, and some old men of the village were wont to shake their heads gravely, and doubtingly, and take long whiffs of their pipes whenever I told this tale to some newcomer.

C. S. W., Jr., '11.

CLASS SONG

B. L. S. 1911

I.

We're here to-day to animate
The school that will be missed;
We're sadly grieved to graduate
But teachers all insist;
Our dear old Alma Mater,
No longer we'll enliv'n
By brilliant recitations of
The class of 1911.

Chorus

For we're a class that's going to emulate
The wondrous deeds and virtues of the
famous and the great;
"Keep Moving" will forever be our rule,
And we'll bring glory to the Boston Latin
School

II.

Oh! How we'll miss those drinking-founts,

Those founts that are not there;
Oh! How we'll miss those prizes, too,—
Those castles in the air;
Oh! how we'll miss our football field,
The field that ne'er was giv'n;
And how this school will miss this class,
The Class of 1911.

III.

We never broke a regulation;
"I"'s we always dot;
Never got our translation
Out of any "trot";
Never did cause tribulation,
Did as we were bidd'n;
You see we are a model class,
The class of 1911.

Wm. H. Davidson

Edward J. Wall

ATHLETICS

SO far this year our "nine" has not made a very fair showing. This is due chiefly to the great number of veteran players in the school who, through deficiency in studies, have been unable to don their uniforms. The new material is good, but not of the best; the whole team averages very low in batting. Nevertheless, the schedule is one of the best in years. Many new and interesting trips have been arranged for the team by Manager Potter. Sweaters are to be given for baseball this year for the first time. And, although the season has begun with few candidates and with poor playing,

nevertheless, owing to the efforts of Captain Nelson and Coach O'Brien, the prospects for the future are beginning to look more rosy.

The recent losses of the team may well be attributed to the lack of a pitching staff. Keddie, who was a catcher last year, was, of necessity, drafted in as a "twirler," and he played well in that unaccustomed position. However, one player could not pitch all the games. Consequently, Kiley, an out-fielder, was also given a try in the "box." The results were not very satisfactory. However, now that May is here, it is expected that many of our trusty veterans will be able to fit

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the mit and take the field.

The game with the Newton High School brought out the best exhibition by our team so far this year. Newton has a good team, but it had to go twelve innings to beat us by a score of 3-2. The other games resulted as follows:

B. L. S., 11; Cambridge Latin, 9.

Everett High, 12; B. L. S., 1.

Groton, 14; B. L. S., 8.

Dorchester High, 9; B. L. S., 0.

The members of the team have been playing as follows: Pitcher, Heyer, Keddie, Kiley; catcher, Fish, McQuin; 1st base, Ewing, McCarthy; 2d base, B. Nelson, Higgins; 3d base, McDonald; short-stop, Heyer, Ormsby; centre-field, C. Nelson, Kelley; left-field, Kiley, Ellis; right-field, Ellis, Daly, McCarthy, Kiley.

The Crew.

Although somewhat late in starting,

the school-boy crews are again at work on the river. The location of the boat-house has been changed to Cottage Farm Bridge. Among those who are rowing are Capt. Soucy, Temple, Dukeshire, Duff, Robinson, Ayer, and Coxswain Harrington. Under the direction of Coach Greer and of Capt. Soucy, the crew is rapidly rounding into form.

Tennis.

At a meeting on April 25, Knudson, Cheney, and O'Shea were appointed the committee to make arrangements for the spring tennis tournament. The five men showing the greatest skill will compose the team. The fifth man will be open to challenges, and if beaten, will forfeit his place on the team to his successful opponents. The captain and the manager are soon to be chosen.

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ALUMNI NOTES

The Harvard Alumni Chorus, which made its first official bow at the vaudeville-smoker of the Harvard Club of Boston, March 22, has among its members: Arthur M. Broughton, B.L. S., '89, Alexander B. Comstock, B. L. S., '04, and James J. Putnam, B. L. S., '62.

Lawrence Barr, B. L. S., '88, and Dr. Lawrence Litchfield, B. L. S., '81, were present at a dinner of the Harvard Club of Western Pennsylvania in Pittsburg, March 25.

Dr. J. Collins Warren, B. L. S., '59, and Dr. Arthur T. Cabot, B. L. S., '68, are members of the Cancer Commission of Harvard University. Dr. Warren is the Chairman.

Edward Bowditch, B. L. S., '65, is one of the candidates selected by the Alumni Association for the Harvard Board of Overseers.

Oliver Crocker Stevens, B. L. S., '72, died in Pasadena on March 28. He was well known in Boston as a lawyer, having practiced here for thirty years.

Walter A. Cleary, B. L. S., '10, who was formerly a member of our crew, and rowed on the All-Interscholastic crew several years ago, is rowing as number two in the Harvard Freshman boat.

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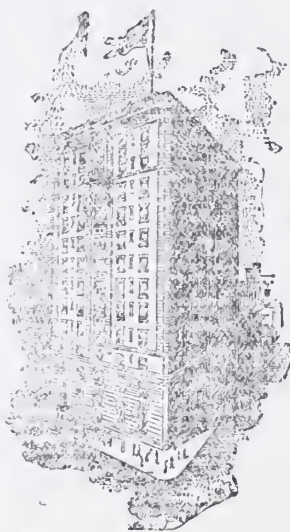
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